

11p50cm12
A coward people, men who loved not truth,
The fathers whom they boast - Abram himself?
Had he not entered Egypt with a lie?
Then-owed he not some gratitude to Pharaoh?
And, for they were God's people, could not he
In Israel best service as he was?
A man who daily breathed the air of courts,
A councillor of kings, could hardly fail
To see the beauty of expediency!
A dweller in kings' courts would hardly fail
To find much wisdom in expediency
And daffling were the vistas in her water:
Kingship in Egypt; - a conqueror's arm swept
Compelling subject peace from other lands;
A fostering arm for peoples in his care,
That most of all should cherish Israel:
Egypt the mighty, mighty in God's cause
And witnessing for him to all the earth.
The blessing to all nations - could it be
That even this might come thro' him or his?
Such entrance had the temple won to soul
Less simple, faithful, free from self. For him
The lesser plauds of sacrifice is lost -
In high obedience. That perceives no choice,
In faith so fixed on glories of the promise
That all immediate & more personal good
Devoid of lustre shews, uncertain, dim,
Like men & trees & shapes of earth to eye
Long filled with splendours of a western sun.
Happy the people are in such a case!
The best are they for whom their God provides
The best so meet for need so sore!

Some souls there are confined in ^{ill-placed} spheres
Who feel within an energy divine
That could, with peerless scope, do mighty deeds;
They see high work, untouch'd & deem'd them ^{less}
Even the work sure instruct claims as theirs
But cannot reach it, so hemm'd in as they
Wish for a thing enough, & strangely often
So importunately, tho' it be dumb.
The wish is given: these one day find them
With just the opening good desire had shaped
Hindrances vanish'd, the work brought to their ^{hand}
And Heaven's permit to test their fitness for it.
No weak mistrust of self their ardour damp'd
With lofty confidence & fearless zeal
They essay their powers: the goal draws near: when
Some casual failure in self-mastery,
Some want of judgment, tact, or reticence
Makes shipwreck of the whole! So they escape -
Barely escape, seizing their lives as prey -
Then, in the agony of self-abasement,
Which is but pride taking the lowest place
That so no further fall be possible,
The condemnation issues from themselves
They had refused to read in obstacles
That hindered their advance: They ^{are} ^{not} ^{fit}
They never were, they never will be fit
For aught but to escape from eyes of men

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ilp52 cmc10
And silent creep to an embower'd grave!
Less formal, oftentimes, is Heaven's decree;
This cherish'd work may still be kept for them
Till they have garner'd up for future use
The teaching of their fall: permitted fall
That wary, humble, wise henceforth they walk
With spirits kept in waiting on their God.

If thus it were with Moses, such his frame
In those first bitter months, when thankfully
He hid in desert-life from all his past
How would such frame sustain him as the months
Swelled into years & these in tens rolled by?
Would not his Work, his Call, cry out for him -
His people still in bonds, he minding sheep,
In all his full vigour only minding sheep,
And none raised up. Deliverer in his room?
Was such inertness right - must he not strive
Aye, make unceasing efforts to resume
The work so ill begun? Again should he
Not dash against the bars that shut him in,
To escape this stagnant life, risk all - Small risk -
In one more struggle for his people's weal?

Only the warped in mind thus fret & fume
And spend their force in mad attempts to shift
The stubborn bonds that fix their place in life.

1p53 cmc10
True natures acquiesce; - holding as Creed,
That Circumstance, a sacred Oracle
Speaks with the Voice of God to faithful souls.
And the more dark the mandate, more opposed
To all that erst had seemed the Will divine.
A faith by use grown vigorous, draws from that
But further proof that it proceeds from Him
Whose way men find not out, nor understand
The judgments of His mouth.

"Content to dwell"
With Michael's shepherd chief & herd his flock,
The only record of the Prophet's mind
^{in all} ~~turning~~ these forty silent years of exile.

High years! that stand
As the red letter period of our race:
Says when a man did prove how high, how deep
A man might reach in knowledge of his God,
Height never scaled, depth never sounded
Save by the Son who share His Father's being.
O mystery of grace! that any man,
Standing for forty years with open breast
Beneath the full down-pouring of the Spirit,
Should be at last so utterly fulfilled
Possessed, imbued, with the mind divine

11p54cm10.
What apprehending human eye could meet
The gaze of God: - That He, once among men,
Should catch the answering glance of sympathy!

To us who spend our days upon themselves,
Who lavish time on time's minute concerns,
It is not given to pierce the depth profound
Of such sublime communion; we but stand
Upon the outer edge of that deep life
And gather up stray hints from after facts
Of how these forty years have training met
For the great work God had set out for him.

Fit years! that crown the past & still prepare
For greater glories, due to him who bath!
Inevitable need of such a life!
Pressed on by great occasions, men may do
Great acts beyond themselves; yet these afford
No measure of the man, but rather this; -
The opportunities to do things
Planted by subtle hands in all men's paths,
Specious in seeming, splendid in result,
Just fitted to the nature of the man.
So natural wisdom, noble, right & fair,
And asking from obedience but slight reward
(Obedience to a law too fine for words
Perceived alone by illuminated sense)

Some slight forsaking of the faith that waits
For Him to rule + indicate their ways;-
When for the natural cravings there assail
The soul finds stay sufficient in the Word.
When self-dependent scheme for noblest end
Both shine out clear as tempting of the Lord.
And when so full of worship is the soul
That all idolatry is cast behind
Nor would nor flesh nor devil can find place
To ^{shake} ~~that~~ the service of the steadfast heart -
Then is it meet that such a one should shine
Transfigured in the glory of his Lord.
Should share his secret converse; know his name;
And that the flesh which had so little power
To chain ^{the} ~~its~~ soaring spirit, should itself
Share the high freedom it had hindered not.

A face, - and all the dreaminess,
 That sits fine o'er daily life,
 Dispersed, - and pleasant - are the lines!
 To-day, a gift; to-morrow, ripe
 Of sweeter promise, - this and more: -
 A long sweet breezy tract, that leads
 No whither, draws full willing feet
 And heart that trips, no ever treads
 The matter of its lay. What call
 To plan and dream of distant good,
 When all that is, that here may be,
 This gentle pleasure doth include -
 To look into thy friend's true eyes,
 To know him larger than thou art;
 And in that freedom of the soul,
 With all the weight of self to part?
 Sweeter than Love, for Love would am,
 Would measure, hold, with wreaths confine
 But, oh my friend, I love thee free
 And would not dwarf thy life to mine!

Use were we one; a narrower joy;
 An aspler self, the dubious pain:
 But now two several lives have I,
 Another being do attain.

To think with other greater thoughts,
 To see with clearer, kinder eyes;
 In each day's cross perplexities
 To find an outside judgment rise;

Of personal interests, cares, designs
 To escape beyond the petty round;
 To live within another's sphere,
 In his layer, sweeter interests bound.

From jarring of contrary minds,
 And sadden scorn of all within;
 From jealousies and rivalries;
 From questionings that are of sin;
 To rise into the quiet place
 Of a serene, holier soul, -

And ah! the rest - to quit the Self
 Whose weight doth so oppress the stage;
 To breathe a changed mental air,
 At last, and as a child, elate!

158 cmc10
To act - or say, or do but think a thought
And such & such shall surely come to pass,
The next sequent of such act or thought.

O agony of ever narrowing walls
That closer, closer, hedge in life and love
And thought - and all of being, while the soul,
Panting for freedom, gasping for more room,
Feels herself daily straitened more & more
By an insensate Law, whose iron links
Have the full property to multiply
And bring forth of their kind, till scarce the breaths
Every breath is fitted with its fetter.

~~Get~~
Glorious emancipation then to discern
The true face of the Law: - that Law for us
Not - we for Law, exist: that Law is Will,
The present, personal, living Will of God,
Whose every motion's born of a need
That presses on some creature of His care! -
In a large room straightway the prisoner
And all the faculties do stretch & play,
Expand themselves, break into vigorous life
In this full inspiration of his air.

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11p59cm10

No vaporous speck of matter, dream of mine
finds being, but it also finds a mate
Calm, waiting to receive it - its own Law.

With fascinated eye men watch this truth
Take certain, slow possession of their lives
Their social converse, their most secret thoughts.
No possible condition, no refined change
No sudden plunge from bliss to misery
Or happier flight from direst woe to ease
But straight ere the full sense of change is felt
The Law of the new state doth rise & come
With the slow ease of one who takes his own,
To grasp and hold and rule its every issue.

As when the unbroken horse inath practiced hand
Swerves from his course redoubles his first speed
But fails to throw his rider, even tho' nervid
With the fierce strength of penny, so do men
Rush headlong neath the Law that curbs their
Only to find Law firmly mounted still
The better state, a forfeit to their penny.

Fighting stinged insects, picking against precks,
So all attempt to evade the course of Law.

11p60 cmc10
By Christ had come, & since those days when he
did as a Man, his fulness manifest-
stray fragments of his glory have shone forth
With a most heavenly radiance thro' a man.
Thro' chosen men of large receptive souls
Whom God hath filled with such transcending
Of grace or knowledge, that Christ ^{measures} ^{in them}
With glory is alone: yet are these men
Not rounded out, comp. let in their perfection
Yes, were they fools, but in a vessel weak
This single mighty gift doth burn & shine
To light us to its Centre & its Source.

Lost in our dullness we shd. pass by these
We ever see the glory shining round
In some unquailing accents he proclaims-
This is a Man whom I wd. have ye note:-
Yet, that to effort still the prize be given,
The spring & impulse of these lives is seen
By pondering much & praying. We see them ^{just}
But how & why this more than human ^{freedom}
This, only as disciples may we learn.
To none among the lives so singled out
Is such rich measure of approval given
To none does the imperative 'Go thou'
So likewise of the Lord so point our hearts

As to the chequer'd, sin & sorrow stain'd
Faulty, yet holy life of Israel's King.
With sense of relaxation, lessen'd strain,
We learn that he, a man within our ken,
Was 'after God's own heart.' - Here at least -
To our own level is the standard lowered.

A sense of sin by shame & sorrow measure'd,
Forgiveness, raising a white heat of love,
A mighty burst born of almighty help -
In no dead letter do we find there writ,
For in like characters is spell'd the tale
Of life in us, & on to the fullest word
Of sorrow, love & hope that pushes out:
For not by measure is the Spirit's work
And not by need, but out of His own fulness
Pours He forth, till hearts of common men
Find in the yearnings of the King's great soul
The very power of utterance they crave.

And is there nothing more? Was it for this
That He, the David's Lord, is call'd his Son
As tho' some to in direct likeness dwell in both,
When He stood offering to slow hands the key
Which should alike enclose two regions, due
For ever shut on men, or shut against him,
The chambers of delight which God hath plac'd
And built in this fair edifice of life.

ilp62emc10
But men have wilful closed to see no more.
And cells of gloom which men have raised in the
Wherein prisoners lie their darkling souls.
When none would see the darkness to be escaped
The liberty & light - inviting them,
When none would stretch his hand to take the key
Have ye not read said He how David said
This pass to freedom I would give to you?

A presence, brushing his garments, fanning
His very cheek, is law to every man;
Yet to dull souls, a presence unperceived,
Things happening day by day in order due
Yet to their latest day, they happen still.
Occasional glimpses flash on their minds
Of order, plan & purpose more than they
More than they want of, yet are there soon lost:
In the minute details of things immediate.
Others again of intelligence more quick
Perceive the unceasing action of the Law -
Perceive, but to resist: or come to bow
With a dull acquiescence, as to that
They have no power to hinder. Curious minds
Find here a field for speculations, ground
For subtlest play of thought: To resolute souls
This mighty agency is as a step
To raise His throne higher in their hearts.
But O, the warmth, & depth & breadth & height

11p63cmc10
Of any soul that comprehends the Law
And comprehending, loves it! That looking round
Sees the common adornment - is exceeding broad,
Looking within, sees it exceeding near,
Exceeding mighty, and exceeding sure!
That looking up, discerns that Law is God,
And, rapt in awe & wonder, paying still
Become enamoured of the loveliness
Order & use and goodness that appear
In all the working they have learned to call
The form of God. Henceforth for them
All strife and bitterness have ceased from life
Submission sweet - they learn to take their law
In daily portions, as dealt out to them.
Meekly to bear, & yet, courageous act.

Of such a heavenly temple that was he
Who could interpret when Christ taught in words
That fell like babbling in a foreign tongue
For the strange law that heard of liberty
Of buoyant freedom to be found in law.
He too, with sympathetic skill discerned
The hidden impulse of Messiah's heart -
The Law, within - for he, too, loved the Law.
Not as his Lord, with love strong to fulfil
Strong only to adore and to desire!

110
A soul attuned to order; a will that waits
The bidding of the law or e'er it stirs;
A mind that with angelic apprehensions
Should grasp the boundless reaches spanned by law;
Eyes that should see in all affairs of men
The inevitable sequence, which doth yet
Produce as certain good, — for this the law,
The very principle of all the laws.
And, scanning the great universe, discern
In all the forms of God's creatures, lines
That blazon to the world His glorious Name,
~~And yet do not turn~~ ^{hizdarn} as in the old star fable,
To predicate the destinies of men.

Such the large longings of his mighty soul,
Such, but far more than these — ^{far more words} than any pen
Even words flowing from his heaven-moved pen
Could give expression to. Desire intense
That his soul should be carried ^{on the wave} by the wave
Of that impulse of Law which from the Throne
Issuing, ^{and moves} overpreads the universe.
Infinite longings for union with that all
Unutterable streaming after God! —
For these was David blessed among men —
^{yet} Was not that he attained. Alas, his life
All marred by error, strife & failure proved
A sad submissive forfeit to the law

1065cm10
He had no strength to keep. Yet not by this,
His wretched rendering of the thought within
But by that thought itself - the broken off
Yet still renewed, true purpose of his soul
Gird the just God interpret his poor life.
Enlarge my heart, for I they can would know!!
By this his large desire is he judged
And so accepted; while more lawful lives
That compass the desires of smaller souls,
Unpraised are passed by, & he alone
For this most precious praise is employed
The man who well approved himself to God!

Rest.

11p66m10

A rest remaineth: - is rest then so good? &
The hope of weariness; a promise sweet
To labouring souls: but wherefore rest in heaven?

Deeper than any thought of man,
Sweeter than any dream of man,
Fuller than any hope of man,
Is conceive which hath not entered
Into any heart of man.

As the sunny air to the life of a bird,
As a fair sea to the way of a ship,
As brooding sleep to the life of a babe,
So the infinite, unutterable rest of God
To the blest souls that are upborne thereon.

The rest we plan,
Wherein to lay us down when labours end
Is other in its nature: in feelings, thoughts,
In burdens left behind, and chief of all
In the dear face of God we place our rest.

But rest - ^{element} ~~in things~~

That God has made as He has made the air,
Incomparable, conditionless & free,
That each blest life unconsciously lives within
This enters not our thought.

11p67cm10
Perhaps, once in a life (not then to all) -
When in extremest strait, a hopeless soul
Lies down beneath its burden, - heaven's gate opens
And that soul for one supernatural moment
Is taken in & steeped & bathed in rest.

Thus was it - once;
A feeble body, & a brain over-fraught
With many thoughts and cares; a desolate heart
Brooding over empty places in the earth
Not to be filled again. Life was too much.
The fainting body & more languid soul
Made plaint for voice too feeble. Lord, how long?

And then it came:
The revelation of the infinite
Eternal rest of God.
It came; but how to tell of it! -
As well give features & a form
To something hallow'd near the Charm
That quiets summer Sabbaths.

It came; but not with words, too worn the heart -
For any sound of words, the words of life;
With the sweet comprehending of a word
That knew & pitied & was strong to help.
It came this quieting from the hand of God.

And the heart lay still
And ceased from itself:
No purpose, no longer, no penitence was there
No praise nor love found place, but a great rest.

11p68cm10
A rest that steeped the soul & bore it up
And circled it and shadow'd. Only rest:
Not knowing, having, being, aught:
Yet life nor love had ever after brought -
So full a draught.

And as the soul lay still
For hours perhaps, or moments - anon ~~there~~ came
A writing on the wall of her ^{his} chamber:
She did not think; but half-unconscious, read
The words there writ: - 'As one is comforted
Whom comforteth his mother.' So pray
That ~~can~~ ^{with} wit of one good thing prepared
Of God for us: His children,

Man has no creative power. because.
 Creation an infinite exhaustive act.
 everything exists. nothing remains to be.
 So man has faith. power to see that
 which is. not to call forth that which
 is not. Faith an infinite faculty.
 All scientific discoveries. works of art.
 genius thought - not creations. but.
 faith grasping facts & making them
 visible. We delight in such not as
 new things but as the expression of
 something within us. If it were
 possible for a man to create - to
 bring forth something actually new
 to which nothing in us responds & owns
 as familiar, how uncanny he wd. seem.
 & how he weird & astray he must
 feel. something between a god & nothing.
 A planet that had lost its way.

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Friendship

A cord there is which oftentimes doth join
Two several lives in one perfected being
Of three bright-different strands this cord is spun.
Two, from a heavenly loom are straight-run out;
The third, from his own substance doth man fetch
Even as the spider draws wherewith to make
Her web from her own body: - yet - even this
Gid issue from above like other two
But differs from them in that from the first
It loogeth in an axis bosom, & must wait
His will to draw it forth & wind with these
In true strength invincible. Should he fail
Or draw with rippard & uncertain hand,
The other two, still running out to seek
Full measure of this third wherewith to wind
Knotted & tangled grow, & fret the lives
With many a let and hindrance they had else
Bound in fair symmetry & entire strength.
A cord there is which heaven doth us to bind
Two lives in one; with such considerate care
In fixing each to each, that thus they grow
The two, one higher being: the strength of each
Is strengthened so; the beauty, beautified,
While the thin places in each character
Pieced & sustained by strong parts in the other
Do safely so endure the wear of life

Looking, our hearts do sink in fear;
 Seen from afar, how fair! Draw near
 The vision of the Lamb appeals! How wide is
 From this continuous dying that constrains us!

Thy meat: like His, to do the Father's will
 The Word that bids thee proves as bread to fill
 Behold, the Word that bids us meat to fill

Hence, Charmer-wise as false - who know'st so well
 With truth to trick thy tale!

These stones in earth yield meat to holy spell: -

Take thy last to thee: selfish aims expel,
 So, comfort - shall not fail!

Seek not mine own ease, but the Father's will

And Duty, strong man's meat - they can't all fill
 But the Father's meat: this can't all fill

11p 72cm 10
Fairer than all the sons of men.
Lovely, beyond our loveless ken,
The beauty of the Lord our God upon Him,
Oh, wherefore saiest thou we should not desire Him!

A sacrifice, with red wounds scar'd -
Ah, pity He should be so marr'd!
But dear love tokens are the stripes upon Him,
And more than any grace do bind us to Him.

Not cherish'd of our love alone -
Our need, His every pang doth own:
Hung'ring & hopeless, we save for His dying,
Without the gates of righteousness were lying.

If this were all the tale, 'ere now
But fair and dear, the Lamb wd own:
But there is more: who Christ wd have a Saviour,
Must take Him in, a sacrifice, as ever.

Fast bound, a living sacrifice,
With silent lips & patient eyes,
And pierced hands that grasp not any treasure,
And nailed feet that move not on His pleasure.

In the Wilderness - 11p73cm10
I of Despair.

A solitary place; a heaven of brass,
Fierce, shining, pitiless;

No sword beneath thy feet of yielding grass,
No rugged ways of iron dost thou pass
In painfullest distress.

The very dews forget their healing power,
A smarting hail of dust - the only shower.

And Duty, barren Duty, all around
As stones of iron, cold;

And Law, fierce, flawless Law, the dreary bond
That shuts in all thy heavens: no dream is formed
No found, no sheltering fold;

No ease, no hope, no human love to bless
Thy fainting in this hungry wilderness.

But list; a voice - low, friendly is the tone -
"Nay, hath God set thee here

And dost He offer for thy meat a stone?
Then is it that He knows thy will alone

Can bid abundant cheer;
Give up these toils, sit soft and take thine ease,
And lo, these stones shall feed, this desert please!

ilp74cm10
"He give thanks to Thee for thy great glory."

In hours of holy rapture, when the soul,
Like quiverings of strongest, gentlest hand,
Like tones of dear control in voice beloved,
Feels God's deep peace descend;—close, audible
As tho' through outward sense the Spirit wrought
And the still air stirr'd with the Breath of Life;
All buoyant with the joy of sins forgiven,
She quits herself and mounts on eager wing
To raise in holiest hour her highest lay:
Full short ^{epochs} the hour to utter praises meet,
And from the blessings crowding for her thanks
I now make choice of that surpassing good
Which she shall hymn in her most worthy song.
Of what is she most glad?

Can any gift—

More higher praise, the deeper thanks. Than Life,
This manifold, deep life! O what a thing
Outstripping wonder, making praise ashamed
That God should make one creature vast enough
To hold, unfill'd, His whole Universe! His
Spreading abroad his myriad needy pores
Whose suction draws in all of earth & heaven,
Whom makes continual prey,—insatiable.
The colour of a flower. Note of a bird
The motion of a leaf stirred by the wind
Nothing so small but it is food to him.

Peace and good will! glory and Peace - sweet peace
 A grateful cadence strikes on the still soul
 As liquid fall of oar on waters cool
 And life's long, passionate endeavour ceases
 From turbulent desire comes release
 And restless thought is under perfect rule
 Sitting meek scholar in the Master's school
 In hope that to the meek shall scope increase
 He shall not strive nor cry, nor in the street
 For any due of His shall lift his voice;
 But - One among the sons of men is met
 For the mild glory of His praise - before
 When cries are hushed in thee, stripe at amen
 The King holds court within. O soul, attend!

ilp75lmc10

ilp76cmcl0

In the Light

How fair thou art, O soul! how still a grace

Mantles thy face!

What pure cool chambers do thine eyes reveal!

Sure dwells in thee some luminous mystery?

As you dwell on that yet so shines to thee,

I do but stand

In the Light.

What seest thou, O soul, when thou dost stand?

A shifting sand

Where vile things stir and live - cloth'd ⁱⁿ every ^{shape} ^{of} spite

Malice and anger, all that preys on love -

Lo, this within me, cloth'd the Light-reprove!

Wherefore I stand

In the Light.

O soul, poor soul, how bearest thou such sight?

How sad a plight!

Aye, sad but there is help beside the pain;

Help in a word; I do but say to One

"Lord, I am vile!" and lo, the ill's undone! -

I blameless, stand

In the Light.

Seest thou no more? I see a foe who stands

With carried bands

Surrounding me, and from his hand each hurt

11 p 77 cm 10
A poison'd dart. Poor soul, how scapest thou?
One bears a shield - not a dart shall he allow
To wound who stand
In the Light.

This the whole cheer, poor soul, light-brings to thee
May, One I see -
In heaven, in earth but One: none may rehearse
In any understand, save them who see
The glory of the Vision. He shines on me,
And thus I stand In the Light!

Hast any more to tell? I see the way,
The devious way
My feet must tread mark'd out all fair for me;
A path I ne'er had found, no finding, kept,
Save for the Day: in the past night I slept
But now do walk In the Light.

And more - I see all souls about me shine,
In Light-shine
Fair do they flow; the light hath shined on all
Though not all know; and, ah, this heart would turn
The arms of brotherhood round all, that so
We constant stand
In the Light!

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II

11p 79 cnc 10

What is Thy glory, Lord? lighten our eyes
That we may know the face of that we praise.
Where is it manifested? In the Word
That called from out the womb of Thy great might
The worlds and all things in them? In the Eye
That rests with equal gaze on all Thy works?
The even Harlot that silently controls
The vagaries of all things with calm law?
These we might name Thy glory: - not to Thee.

"Shew me Thy glory!" - Thus Thy servant prayed
Oppressed, confounded with the weight of life;
Feeling that only in some added might
He longer could endure. What looked he for?
Display of Sovereign Power, whose memory
Should make faith strong against all coming foe.
Not thus the prayer was read. But, "I will make
"My goodness pass before Thee." The still'd heart
Acknowledges the answer. Therein lies
All more than all the weary prophet sought.
Thy Goodness is Thy Glory and our rest.

"My goodness pass before Thee" - how, O Lord?
What vision opened on Thy servant's eyes?
Did shifting scenes portray the mighty tale
Of the world's history wrought out by Thee?

11p 80 cmc 10
Didst Thou lay open to His favoured page
The souls of all Thy children, and reveal
Thy strange, sweet secret dealings with each soul?
Did the long ranks of angels, filing slow
Pass the enraptured seer proclaiming each
Some single beauty of Thy holiness?
Thy story does not shew. Yet would we know;
Not prying with unbidden, curious eyes
Among the secrets God has not revealed
But as the need which woke the prophetic
Is ours as much as his, that we may bear
The burden laid upon us. O manifest
The glory of Thy goodness to our eyes!
No measured revelation will suffice:
The goodness which each life appropriates
And uses for all lower purposes
To live and move, repose and labour in,
Though it be of Thee, flowing from Thyself,
Yet this is not the glory we would see:
Powerless it is to fill the awful void
Which Thou hast left in every soul of man!
In it completeness - the vast Infinite -
This must we see or die. O who for us
Will draw the light dispersed into one sun?
Thy goodness fills the earth, upreaches the heavens,
Stretches beyond to the extremest verge
Of the dim space which ever bounchous vies.
To see its fulness, we must climb Thy throne
Whence only all Thy works are visible!

O gather up the scraps! body them ^{il peleno} forth
In form that we may grasp: and ~~that our eyes~~
May look, and look, undappled till we grow
To some faint likeness of the thing we see,
Cover the glorious brightness with a veil!

"I am the world's true Light."

Our Lord, our God!
Thy perfect goodness is thy dearest gift.
The glory that thy Church thus thanks thee for.
Shed on us, O Lord, thy light and life,
That we may ever be thy Church's praise.

"The cup my Father giveth" - Then, poor soul -
 I'er thou! - couldst hold out hands to take the cup
 Tho' thick the bitterness, couldst drink it up!
 One savor'd with this knowledge! Alas, the sole
 Too nauseous drop. ~~The~~ poison to the whole
 Is that thy cup sure hath in hell been brew'd
 So is it with strife & all distrust unbred.
 So ^{dark} separate & thick the black drops roll,
 For what to do with God has scorn of friends?
 And variance born of actions read amiss?
 Or the sick shame of him who forfeits bliss -
 By ~~unworthy~~ ^{unworthy} forming. In whom loves reverence
 With nearest knowledge? Too full the draught for ^{drinking} ⁱⁿ ^{poison} ^{poison}
 When ~~man~~ ^{the cup} ^{thou} ^{fills} ^{it} ^{with} ^{himself} & Satan stir!

On days of war

to the

"How knowest that I love Thee, O my Lord!"
 How sore & drear and objectless the life
 Of the poor man who had so wronged his friend
 Done such despite to his so gracious Master,
 I never more through all his weary days
 His Lord had come to listen to his vows!

Can such a pain be ours: how heal the faith,
 How find solace the love we bore our dead,
 How now we ache to say, not that we loved,
 Love rests not in the past - but that we love!
 Just - once to say we love; sure that they hear;
 Sure that, now knowing all, they know it true.

Lacking this, whence shall our comfort come
 When busy thought brings new food for our woe,
 Some tenderness of which we took small heed,
 Some weakness that our hardness failed to cherish,
 Some gracious sweetness we were slow to love
 As that dear chiding we so yearn for now
 We go our desolate way with none to hinder.

They've taken our loved ones, & we know not whither
 We make our dreary noon; while our poor feet
 Fall heavy on the stairs with ~~weight~~ of loss,
 Loss of the spring that moved all life in us.

ilp84cm10
We try to live as though the void were not,
Take up old cares & new; crowd time with work,
But the cold cruel sense of loss remains,
Assumes a being, glides about the rooms,
Meets us in every corner of our homes,
The dull bare homes from which all grace has fled.

We are so weak, we cannot - bear alone
This bitterness; but could we only once
See the dear hands outstretch'd in pitying love,
See tears their God shall wipe drops for our pain,
Hear our own name in long familiar tones
All tender with their pity - oh then could we
Endure for their dear sakes e'en loss of them.

And must we weep alone - has He who knew
So well to ease their pain who wept for Him
Left us all comfortless for other loss?
Nay, from our own weak thoughts this dimness
With Him - in Him, there all his promise ends.
Is it, not Christ, who nourish our dear dead
To yon, child distant brightness we name heaven,
So winking in the glare of its great glo.
That all the comfort the soft heart can reach
Is that some other dear ones gone before
May make these feel at home in the new land.

1p85cm10
A sweeter hope Christ leaves - They are with Him,
And He, - about our paths, about our bed,
Saying out all our ways. In His new life
May we read theirs: & then may breathe "Thou knowest"
May, if our faith fail not, may hear them breathe
Sweet comfort - & our spirits. As in a glass
Their minds & ways are mirrored in His love.
Only a common comfort would He give
Was bless, unlike all other mourners, those
Who wept Him slain; seeing our dead in Him
We too may ease ourselves, & breathe "Thou knowest"
In the loved ears: yea if our faith fail not
May hear & can speak comfort back again.
So I am always with you - His dear word
In whom our dead do live; they are with Him,
With Him, are with us always.

Of the world

Is the dim living dawn where we seat our dead;
The heaven of Christ is ruled by other laws;
A blessed change in state, tho' none in place
And none in kindly nature; a full bliss
Which ev'rmore shall fill & not overflow;
A lifting up for ever, which yet doth know
Three fuller consummations: the first we taste
When Christ our King shines in upon our souls
Our holy dead are raised to the next state
Where pure eyes see the King in all his beauty
And happy service bears no clog of flesh;

11p 4cm 10
I can they must wait - the final bliss till late
Be father's sin, & ransom'd flesh arise
The glorious mate of spirit. No cumbersome
Of circumstance & place I can then need be
For frames of light that pass thro' closed doors
Appear or vanish by an act of will;
Knowledge & service ask but little room.
But of the exceeding plenty of our God
New blisses may be born.

And do we rob our loved ones from our care,
Take them from glorious seats to bid them range
Defect tenants where was once their home?
But greater than their Lord's may be their state
And He abides with us.

Get of their joys

Jealous are we, with jealousy unreasoning:
We fix them far away to our sore loss,
That they may grieve; nor ever ask ourselves
What might we choose, would be our best bliss,
A spiritual bliss, for spirits meet.
To see our God, to know him as He is,
A flood of knowledge, bubbling on the soul,
Infinite, satisfying, yet to grow

With every moment of eternity
 Now yet exhaust His fulness.

To lose all self
 In the strong flowing of our love to Him.
 To taste at last—

The sweetest joy of love, effectual service:
 These the pure element in which shall live
 All secondary bliss.

Accept ye ~~become~~ as little children
Of such is the Kingdom.

In the Kingdom are the children;
You may read it in their eyes;
All the freedom of the Kingdom
In their careless humour lies.

Very winsome are the children
Yet what merit in their grace?
Small the pains they take for goodness
Scarce they know stern Duty's face.

Very faulty are the children.
Yet well-pleasing to their King;
Little thought they take to serve Him;
Yet the chosen offering bring.

Ours the weary long endeavour,
Theirs, the happy entering in;
Ours to strive, and wait, and labour,
Theirs, to joy before the King!

Accept ye be as the children,
In my realm ye have no place;
O how much would we learn
The glad secret of their grace!

Not in holy, painful living;
Not in tears, nor even in prayers;
Not in white days, pure from sinning;
No such perfectness is theirs.

^{What} thought-do they to earn the Kingdom?
Only this they leave undone -
Suff'ring Christ to reign within them,
They in thought-usurp His Throne.

On the children's brows no ^{written} token
That themselves do fill their thought;
In the children's hearts no striving
That to them be honour brought.

Therefore finds the King an entrance;
Freely goes he out-and in;
Sheds the gladness of his presence;
For the babes, with victory win!

The Better Part:

11p90cmC10

Once a little child, he pondered
With wide eyes on life's strange ways;
Seeing, noting, learning, wondering
Passed the mystery of those days.

Forgot the time for pain & gladness
Sin and sorrows had their part.
Only self had not obtained
Yet the worship of his heart.

This we know, tho' mute the story;
This is true of us and him:—

Next we see him stretched in anguish
Behaving brow and tortured limb.

And the anguish all deserved,
From his own mouth pray his ease;
Lam despised and life despised.
Where for mercy is there place?

Could we know the thoughts that rend him
In those hours upon the tree!—
Does he curse the day that gave him
Life for sin and misery?

11p91 cmc10

Circumstances strong against him
Does he pity his own fall?
Or all ordered in his favour
Does remorseful fear appal?

Does the present awful anguish
Dull his sense to all beside,
Or from errors of the judgment—
Would his covering thoughts fair hide?

As a child again, he ponders
Thoughts where self has no concern;
In the agonies of dying
Does he wonder, mark and learn.

Self is powerless to express him
While that Other husheth near;
All his soul is bent in worship,
Discerning love has swallow'd fear.

Not his own life, but that Other
Passes him in swift review:
Such a Life, and such a Dying!—
Sure this Kingdom must be true!

11p92cm100
Then his own need comes before him
In Thy kingdom, think on me!
In the kingdom of the child-like
How he shows himself to be.

By no strange sovereign act of mercy
Does his Lord accept that prayer;
But according to his promise
That all child souls shall be there.

Not degree in guilt determines
The lost state of any soul;
He who breaks one least commandment
Is as though he broke the whole.

A heart to ponder on the Saviour
A single eye to see the King,
This that faith, the one condition
That doth to his kingdom bring.

A Parable -

11p93cm10

A father, who his sons would send
To goal remote for weighty end,
First-called, and bound on them the load
Whose conduct - safe upon the road
Was their chief care: on each that share
His strength just-fitted him to bear.
Scarce felt: at first; they weigh they bear,
Amid the burdens pressures sore
Upon the weak of the two.

The father, wise, had out of view
Bound on their backs the load: now he
Must bring it round, its size to see,
Then in his hands doth pose and weigh,
And to his comrades doth rous cry,
My brother, do but feel the weight!
How walk sustaining such a freight?
Nay, brother, let me ease on thee
But one end of my load, so we
May go with equal pace. Agreed;
But now they go with slackened speed:
Uneven steps, ill-balanced weight,
Doubles for each his former freight.
Good brother, canst thou bear the whole?
I know thee strong, a valiant soul,
And I so weak! Full sweet it were
Thine onward in thy strength to fare!

11p93cm10
11p94cm10
Forgetting that he bears behind,
The brother yields; ere long to find
A wisdom surer than his own
Had given a burden, which alone,
Was all his strength could well sustain:
Now, then must take thy load again,
It is too much; & why shouldst thou
Go free whilst I twice burden'd bow?
Whereat his brother plains and frets,
But still to take his load, forgets—
I thought thou lov'dst me; now I know
Thy fondness but a treacherous show!—
Thenceforth with hearts divided, they
Fall out—and wrangle by the way!

The little girl is sad—what troubles her?
But just the hurt & will not bear just yet—
The touch of words; so "Nothing" she replies:
Further urged, the reticence sweet-mistrust
Casts o'er feeling drops aside, and "A poor man,
No good, no friends, no bed to lie upon,—
Now has she words for more, for tears & sob
That leave the little frame with holy passion,
In agony of pity.

Alas, sweet souls, ye fell! Eat not so low,
 Ah, not so low as we! Abashed are ye,
 Where God was all, a separate self to see,
 And, naked, conscious souls, ingenious for
 And hide yourselves for shame! ^{Ye fall's worth}
 Perpetual sense of I - inherit we:
 Our child-souls quit their paradise to be
 First in a fallen estate, that day they know
 Themselves for entities with powers & parts:
 But oh, the difference! Ye who did dwell
 In the light of God, see from what height ye fell,
 And loathe the recreant self that fells down head:
 Complacent, we dwell with admiring gaze,
 As mandarin, pity, ^{eye} that we dare not pursue.
 No passion shows on us - complacent
 A guard on passions, still with self is fraught

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11p96 cmc10
A soul with folded powers
Lits covering close: the hours
Hang heavy on the wing
As birds of night; nor cry
For joy, nor soar in hope,
Nor ask for flight-ask scope;
But wait in dreaminess -
That asks not light to bless -
The dull watch to maintain
Such smallest prey to gain
As shall suffice to keep
Aloof the long death sleep
So clear, yet so forbidding
Whose tardiness, so chiding!

A soul with folded powers
Lits covering close: the hours
Hang heavy on the wing
As birds of night; nor cry
For joy, nor soar in hope,
Nor ask for any scope;
But wait in dreaminess -
That craves no light to bless -
Such mean prey as may keep
Aloof the long death sleep,
So clear, yet so forbidding -
Whose tardiness, so chiding!

Together drawn of God, & slow'd with love
 Of souls, that else had little common ground,
 In Christ community of life are bound:
 And sweet the care they for each other prove,
 And wise the thought that studies to remove
 All stumbling blocks from paths together trod:
 And to these could draw daily nearer God
 Through much forbearance, through long suffering kind
 Through self-repression & the discipline
 That borne for others, wins the perfect mind.
 Yet not full easy to their feet these find
 The appointed way; - through loneliness they win,
 And hump'ing cry that some should comprehend
 Familiar holy walks with Christ their friend.

As the skill'd worker who would join in wood
 Both deeply "dove-tail" & thus make of two
 One perfect piece, as he there could so true
 In correspondence, the divider's broad
 Of lying doubts can work no severance need;
 Thought fits on thought, feeling with feeling true,
 And utter sympathy both wills combines.
 And this is heaven - a heaven that hath withheld
 All offers of the Kingdom, so full is it,
 What need have I of thee? - the secret voice

Of hearts that fear Who takes, & but-rejoice
 In God the Giver. Ah, heart that strips shd split
 As death or circumstance, for him, such part-
 From thus, complete without its God the heart!
 From full to God, who takes the heart

Natures there be of such true correspondence,
 As several pieces deftly dovetailed, they
 Once fitted, lock together: no severance
 In purpose thought or will divides their way;
 One life, one hope, one heart. - Lo, heaven is this!
 A heaven that of the Kingdom asks no bliss:
 What need have I of thee? the secret voice
 Of hearts that fear Who takes, & but-rejoice
 In God the Giver. Tenders the decree,
 And kind the condemnation that ordains
 No mutual rest for them, but that they be
 Of the Divides severed, till remains
 No self, but only Christ: then joined they raise
 One soul, with twofold powers, a twofold praise.

A face to see

The painfullest pulses of a common nature,
 E'en as one strangely, utterly degraded
 Wakens the sleeping brother in the breast
 Of chance beholder. In that lower face
 All downward drawing triumph; to purpose,
 Sure that mouth ne'er was set, for ill or good;
 No effort to lead life to any issue
 Has left its former lines: too poor a soul
 To see the good, too slow a will to grasp -
 The flesh, a strong man, arm'd, has risen to rule!
 But carry up your gaze. - The face is living! -
 A life more obvious in its functions, quick
 And vital than bodied being knows: - the eye,
 Transfix'd with mute amaz, discerns it grow,
 And grow, and grow, for ever rarer, higher:
 E'en while you look, behold the face that first
 So pain'd the view, vanishes from the canvas,
 The first soul goes; and a new life, received
 Down through those eyes, so insatiate in their gaze,
 Quickens with strong desire, that is no wing
 To bear to higher fields. Not far to seek
 What his eyes thus drink in: he looks on God!
 He sees the face of Christ, and in that look
 Receives his life in heart & loves self!

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